Some Vaudeville Monologues

by

Harry L. Newton

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Cordially Yours,
Harry L. Newton

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BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

The Plays "All on Account of Polly," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "The Goodfellow" and Over Fifty Successful Vaudeville Sketches

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

BUCKTON NENDICK

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FOREWORD

IVE hundred or more years ago there wandered through Normandy a minstrel named Oliver Basselin. At every village fête and noble banquet his merry quips and tricks made him a welcome guest, so that a new word was coined to describe his entertainment. It was called *val-de-Vire* or *vaux-de-Vire,* after the valley of the river Vire where Basselin was born, and from this phrase came the modern term *Vaudeville.*

It is a far cry from the merry-maker of the fifteenth century to modern vaudeville, but the jesters' motto is and must always be, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

The monologues collated in this volume are the work of a writer whose wit has made his name very familiar to the vaudeville stage. They are up-to-date in treatment, and each of them is accompanied by a sketch which illustrates the "type" or individual character, such as the modern stage demands.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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People I have Met

CHARACTER:

Introducing CHOLLY SPENDKASH. *He has a perfect batting average in the Laugh League.*

CHOLLY, *cheerfully relates*:

In the course of our travels through this vale of tears, we run across many different types of people. If we are careless in the handling of our automobiles, we run across many more.

During my little talk this evening I should like permission to introduce to you some of the people I have come in contact with, on and off, during my young life.

Some of them are "on to me," but most of them are decidedly "off."

No matter where you travel, people are much the same.

It doesn't seem to make any difference what nationality they happen to be, they consider their native country the greatest one of all.

But if we good old Americans think that we have any kick coming, we should pause a moment and take a slant across the salty water.

How would you like to get out and fight for a king or an emperor or a crowned head of some kind when anyone of them had indigestion and felt like picking a quarrel?

One thing we do in this country is to work for the landlord, butcher and grocer. If we are married, our wives see to it that they come in for their share of the rake-off.

And the cost of living still climbs upward.

Why, I remember 20 years ago my father used to pay only 20 cents a dozen for fresh eggs.

Now I pay 50 cents for the very same eggs.

And it's mighty tough to have to pay 40 cents a pound for porterhouse steak.

Yes, it's tough to pay 40 cents for steak, but I suppose it's tougher if you pay 20 cents.

But here's the first friend I want you to meet.

He got married a few weeks ago. This was his second offense. He lost his first wife in a crowd, and never went back to look for her.

She had been married three times. Once for love and twice for general housework.

I was his best man. He asked me to give the bride away. I refused. Of course I could have given her away, but I kept my mouth shut.

You know most everybody thought that my friend was about to become a sea captain because he picked out a second mate.

But they were wrong. So was he, only it took him longer to find it out.

He asked me if I believed in the old saying that a man's wife is his better half. I told him I did. He says, "Well, then, if a man marries twice, there isn't anything left of him."

But his idea in getting married was this:

He figured that there was no telling

when this country might call on him to take up arms in its defense.

Military camps were all right, but he was strong for home study, and he could learn all about fighting after he was married.

A few days after the marriage ceremony had been performed I met him and he said everything was going along fine. His home had already taken on the appearance and environment of a military encampment. His wife had appointed herself commander-in-chief and had made him paymaster.

A little later I met him again and he told me that he thought he was doing a little better than holding his own. His wife had wired for reinforcements. Her mother was coming the next day.

Naturally I sympathized with him and suggested that we go have a nice little dinner. He consented. After we had eaten our table d'hote, I said, "What do you say if we have a couple of demi tasses?" He said, "I'd like to, old chap, but the wife might pop in while we were talking to them."

The next week, to cheer him up, I took him out to a ball game. The first man

to bat knocked a hot liner to right field, and the fielder caught it. Everybody got up and cheered. George didn't move. I asked him why he didn't join in the applause. He says, "Why should anybody cheer that fielder for catching that ball? That's what he's out there for."

I have another friend I'd like you to meet. He's rather inclined to stick up his nose at things American and to favor things European.

The other day he started in on his hobby.

He said, "America is away behind Europe in watering places. Take England. England has her Bath; France has her French Lick; Germany has her Baden Baden. What's the United States got?"

I says, "What's the matter with Saturday night?"

Here's another friend. He's known as a desperate flirt. He never married and everybody wondered why. I alone hold his secret.

He thought he loved Mary. She was a telephone operator. She had his number.

He lived at 624 and Mollie at 626. She was next to him.

He got stuck on Katy. She drove a jitney bus and told him where he got off at.

He was crazy over Jennie. She owned an aeroplane, took him up one day and then dropped him.

He went to the hospital, fell in love with his nurse, she put him under an X-ray and saw right through him.

He got a job in a department store. He worked in the basement while Sophie worked on the ninth floor. He proposed to her, but she felt that he was beneath her.

He was crazy for riddles. He kept Alice waiting so long that she finally married his rival.

Lillian was a most fastidious girl. She didn't like the way he pressed his suit.

Kate threw him down. She had been wrestling champion at Vassar.

Now just a few words about myself. It may sound strange to you but at one time I was a moving picture actor.

Acting in pictures is a cinch.

It was for me.

Any time they wanted anybody thrown off a cliff or run over by a train of cars, they sent for me.

They said that if I lost a leg it didn't matter. I had two legs, so if one was gone I could still use the other.

I remember one picture where I was captured by Indians.

That is, the director called them Indians. I called them everything else besides Indians.

Well, anyhow, they tied me to a tree and built a fire under my feet.

Then they all sat down and began to play pinochle.

German Indians.

Then they forgot all about me. But I wasn't forgetting.

I distinctly remembered that fire.

I remembered it because it nearly burned off my feet.

Did the director scold the Indians?

Nix!

He fined me for spoiling 100 feet of film.

He cared more for the 100 feet of film than he did for my two feet.

The next day I had to dive off a cliff into a river.

That was a cinch the director told me. It was only 85 feet. Great! I dove. Just as I came to the surface, a rube con-

stable on the bank yelled: "Hey, you, you ain't allowed to go in bathing in this river!"

I gently but firmly told him that I wasn't bathing. I was merely drowning.

Then he yelled for somebody to bring me a glass of water.

If you ask me that was surely rubbing it in.

They didn't want me to drown in peace. They even wanted me to swallow water while I was doing the drowning stuff.

Did the director sympathize with me because I had nearly drowned?

Nix!

He roasted me to a fare thee well.

He said that I was no comedian. That I was far from being funny while I was drowning.

He said that (*noted film comedian*) would have made that scene a scream.

Then I said that I had but one wish. I wished that I was getting said film comedian's pay envelope and that he was getting mine.

I knew that he wouldn't be so funny if he were getting mine.

The very next day I was supposed to let a tiger carry me three or four miles

into a desert. There I was to wait patiently until somebody came and rescued me.

Did I do it?

Nix!

Why, that tiger was a total stranger to me. They claimed, however, that he was a trained tiger. Personally I was full of keen suspicion.

He didn't look trained to me. He looked hungry.

He looked like he'd graft his breakfast off of me.

Nothing doing.

I wasn't supplying any tiger with a breakfast. I had enough to do to get my own breakfast.

One more friend I'd like to have you meet. He is an inmate of an insane asylum. I went out to visit him last week, and was told that he was given to the habit of tearing off his clothes and then tearing them into excellent imitations of carpet rags. His habit was not only expensive but likewise immodest.

So I remonstrated with him.

I said, "See here, old man; you're making a lot of trouble for everybody around

here. It isn't fair. Now wouldn't you like to make some money?"

He declared he'd be tickled to death to earn some money.

So I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty-five cents for every day you don't tear off your clothes."

He eagerly accepted my offer.

Tuesday his clothes remained intact. Wednesday ditto; Thursday, Friday and Saturday the same. His reformation was the talk of the institution. But on Sunday morning the garments of the insane man that he had worn all week were torn into a thousand pieces and thrown to the four winds.

They called me.

I said, "See here. What does this mean? I thought I had hired you to keep your clothes on and be good."

"Well," replied my nut friend, "you didn't suppose I was going to work on Sunday, did you?"

Well, I Swan!

CHARACTER:

Meet MR. REUBEN BROWN, *a prosperous old farmer. His impressions of a big city are amusing, perhaps, but with grain at the present price he can afford us a laugh or two.*

REUBEN, *tells all about it*:

Well, I swan! Jest as I got on the train back home, a feller came runnin' along the platform, yellin': "Casey, oh, Casey!" I stuck my head out of the window, and the feller hit me a clout in the jaw. After the train started I began to laugh fit to split. The feller in the seat with me wanted to know what in thunderation I was laughin' at, especially after gittin' that clout in the jaw.

I sez: "By gosh, I jest happened to think. My name ain't Casey. It's Reuben Brown."

Old Pop Perkins back home told me when I came to the city to look out for automobiles. An automobile is something I never had myself. I came near gettin' one this mornin', but I jumped jest in time.

By heck, scarlet fever may be contagious, but you can catch an automobile a dern sight easier. I found out that there aren't near so many folks walkin' as they used to be since the automobiles became so popular. A lot of 'em have been run over and killed, and the rest of 'em are afraid to leave the house any more.

Yesterday I saw a man tryin' to get across one of your streets, and a big auto came along and knocked him seven ways from Sunday. He jest got to his feet when one of them motor cycles came rushin' by. The man sez to me: "By golly, that's the first time I ever knew that them autos had colts." He tried to dodge the auto, but it hit him with a whack! It rolled across his liver and it churned him in the back. He raised up, dazed and panting and bruised from head

to crown. "Spring's here," he said. "I know it. I am a feelin' all run down."

I was jest passin' along one of yer city streets, and I noticed a sign in an undertaker's window. It sez: "Eventually. Why Not Now?"

Passin' a five-cent theatre I seen another sign: "Why Girls Leave Home—In Five Parts."

I jest had to snicker right out at them signs.

Passin' a jewelry store the thought struck me that I'd buy a present for my wife, Samanthy. Everybody calls her Samanthy, I guess because that's her name.

I saw some rings and thought I'd buy one for Samanthy. The man showed me some, but I told him there weren't none of 'em large enough—all far too small. He finally says, "I ain't got any ring larger than this one. But what's the idea of wantin' such a large ring?"

"Well," I says, "my wife Samanthy is a nervous woman and every little thing upsets her."

But here's another one on me.

That's them crippled lunch rooms.

They're full of one-armed chairs. You go in and help yourself to everything.

One feller told me he got a dern good coat there every once in a while, and that it wasn't nothin' at all to git a new hat every day or two.

I asked the man for a bill of fare, and he said they didn't have one. When you wanted to order he said all you had to do was to look at the customers' clothes. The hull dern bill of fare was on 'em.

Well, I didn't mind goin' from one counter to another collectin' my meal, but I sure did fool 'em at the finish. I sneaked out without washin' up my dirty dishes.

Them chairs all have a shelf on one side, and you eat off the shelf. They're so close together that about half the time I found myself eatin' off the arm of the feller next to me, instead of off the arm of my chair. I took three bites out of his wrist before he made a holler.

I sat down with a bowl of ox-tail soup. When I turned my head the feller next to me had twisted around, and I discovered I had been eatin' coat-tail soup.

I left my soup on the arm of my chair and went back to the counter for a sand-

wich. When I came back to my chair somebody had imbibed my soup. I went back for another plate of soup and when I came to my chair, by heck, my sandwich was gone. So I wrote a note and put it on my plate of soup, sayin': "I have had my finger in this soup."

Then I went after another sandwich. When I came back to my chair the soup was gone, and somebody had written under my writin': "I found the soup all right, but couldn't find your finger."

Being somewhat thirsty I stepped into a seegar store. The owner told me he had been sellin' seegars for thirty years. I figured from that he ought to "know the ropes," so I purchased one. By gravy, it was awful! When I complained he said he didn't know what kick I had comin'—I only had one of them seegars and he had a thousand of 'em. I paid five cents for that seegar. Now I don't mind payin' five cents for a seegar, if it's good; but at that price it's got to be good.

That seegar was a reminder of a summer storm. It burned like lightning and smelled like thunder. But it had a real fancy name attached to it. It was called (*name of prominent actress*). The man

said he called it that because it drew well and had a swell shape. When I got outside I forgot the name of the seegar, so I called it everythin' I could think of.

Well, I swan! It's surprisin' how a chap can spend his money in a big city. Every time you turn around, zip goes another nickel!

They told me back home to take one of them sight-seein' cars. Said as how I could see the whole blamed town for a dollar. But I fooled 'em. I took a street car for a nickel. I'd heard a lot of talk 'bout them city street cars bein' crowded, but I had plenty of room—I had a strap all to myself.

The further we went the more crowded that car got. I had one hand clutched to a strap and the other hand in a pocket. I wanted to blow my nose but I was afraid if I tried it, I'd blow some other chap's.

A young chap and his gal got on, and the young chap asked the conductor if he thought they could squeeze in there. The conductor said they could, but if he was them he'd wait till they got home.

Well, I swan!

I discovered this was considerable of a city. It has a population of about two

million souls—and about the same number of heels.

But considering the city as a whole and the politicians at large—that's the reason the city's in a hole—the politicians are at large.

I also took note of the advanced styles in dress the women are wearin' in our big cities. After lookin' 'em over I made one wish. If women's styles keep on advancin', I hope I live five years longer.

Her Busted Romances

CHARACTER:

ANNABELLE LOVEJOY, *a muchly jilted maiden of uncertain age.*

ANNABELLE, *reminiscences*:

After looking me casually over a couple of times, you wouldn't think it would be a hard matter for me to obtain a husband, would you? But it is. I can't even obtain one under false pretenses.

They tell me that some of those foreign countries find it difficult to recruit men for their armies. They've got nothing on me. I've been trying for years and years to "recruit" just one man, and can't do it. What I am strong for is conscription.

I'm as popular with the men as a safety razor at a colored picnic.

During my time I've had seven men as

far as the church door, and then lost 'em.

I must be a poor seven-up player. But I'm a cracker-jack on solitaire. I'm alone most of the time.

This summer I thought I'd try the seashore. I was introduced to a gentleman, and the very next day I squeezed a proposal out of him.

Gracious! I thought I had him landed.

Then he suggested that we go in bathing.

I should have known better.

The minute he got a flash at me in my bathing suit—well, I'm here to tell you that it takes some Venus to lead a man to the altar after he's once seen her in a bathing suit.

They say the way to win a man's heart is through his stomach. I might try that some time, but I'm off that bathing suit thing for life.

A clinging wet bathing suit is all right if it has something to cling to. So another busted romance was recorded in my diary of love adventures.

The next gentleman I was introduced to liked me well enough two days after he met me to borrow money from me.

I loaned him a fifty-cent piece. Three

weeks later he gave it back to me. He couldn't pass it either.

I remember another gentleman friend who confessed to me that he was a poor man. I told him that I would rather have a poor man for a husband than a millionaire. You know, it's hard for a poor man to get another girl. But a millionaire can go out and get anybody.

Well, this particular young man; but come to think of it he couldn't have been very particular or I wouldn't have had him. Anyhow this young man used to drive a milk wagon.

He didn't have to. He could have starved to death if he wanted to. But he had another reason for driving said milk wagon. After he delivered the milk he could take me out riding, and it wouldn't cost him a cent. He'd go over to the barn, wake up the horse, and we'd go for a joy ride.

He'd tie the lines about a milk can, and that would leave his arms free—to point out the objects of interest along the road.

That old horse was a bird.

He'd jog along until he came to a customer's house and then he'd stop. When

he'd come to a double house he'd stop twice.

I finally got so that I knew the route as well as the horse. But that didn't do me any good. He needed the horse more than he did me.

One night he drove me home. I smiled up into his face and said, "Good-bye," very sweet and ladylike.

But all he said was "Good Night!" and not so very sweet or ladylike either.

And another busted romance was entered in my book.

There was a sign on the side of that milk wagon: "Fresh from the Country."

Well, he might have been from the country, but he wasn't fresh. Not with me.

My next heart affair was with a moving picture fan.

Every Saturday night he'd take me to the movies.

He was a regular jitney sport, that chap.

He'd get his wages on a Saturday night and the next morning he'd be broke. That is, I think he would. I never saw him from one week's end to the next. One night he asked me if I was hungry. I

told him I was and wouldn't mind eating something a la carte. So he took me to a sandwich wagon. Then he offered to split a cup of coffee with me.

Folks have often asked me what I wanted with a husband.

I'll tell you. Husbands are a handy article to have around the house. And they're much easier to keep than a hired girl. Besides, they don't expect every Thursday afternoon off. If they do they don't get it.

Then again a husband can drive an auto equally as well as a hired chauffeur. Just look what a saving that is.

My sister's got a husband. He was a singer in their church choir until they found out what the trouble was with the choir.

Now he's a traveling man. Travels for skirts. And he knows every one of them, too, from New York to Omaha, well enough to call them by their first names.

But he's got a dreadful poor memory.

Every time he comes home from a trip he calls my sister by a different name. She can tell just what towns he has made by the names he calls her. For instance, if he calls her Lizzie, she knows he's been

in Buffalo. If he calls her Priscilla, he's been in Boston. And if he calls her Lena, it's a cinch he's laid off in Milwaukee a couple of days.

One day he became so angry at my sister that he couldn't think of any girl's name, so he called her everything else he could think of.

I nearly married a traveling man myself once. One night he took me to a ball. One of those awful swell affairs, where the ladies all wear diamonds hanging from their ears, and toothpicks from their mouths.

I remember I wore one of those very "extreme" gowns, cut rather low in the neck and all trimmed with lace. He admired the lace very much. He asked me where I got it, and I told him it was at least forty years old. Then he wanted to know if I made it myself.

He also intimated that I must have had the gown quite some time, as it was so worn off around the neck.

Yes, he was a traveling man, and after that night he must have kept on traveling, for I never saw him again.

I finally became so desperate that this summer I applied to the local branch of

the Lover's Union. The Lover's Union, be it known, is a new organization. A girl can get a sweetheart at so much per hour, just like hiring a bricklayer or a plumber. Only instead of laying bricks or hitting the pipe, he makes love at a regular scale of wages. I don't know just what the union rate of love-making is. I believe it depends greatly on the material they have to work with. Raw material comes higher.

Well, I engaged one of those love-makers to call for me one evening and take me out for a walk.

Oh, but he was handsome!

And it was such a glorious night, with the moon bright and the stars shining. We walked a while and then we sat down on a bench, and he started in on the job of love-making.

Just as he got one arm about my waist and was about to press his lips to mine, the Walking Delegate of the Love-Maker's Union came along and called a strike.

Music a la Carte

CHARACTER:

BOBBY BREEZE, *an up-to-the-second youth, tells what he knows about music and other things.*

BOBBY *explains the situation without orchestral aid:*

Music has undergone great changes within the last few years. In days gone by people used to hold their breath when they listened to it.

Nowadays when they listen to some of the music played, they hold their nose.

Some say that the cabarets are responsible for putting music on the bum.

Personally I think that music with meals is a good thing. It makes one forget how bad the meal really is.

It isn't so very nice to sit at a table in a place where they serve cabaret with

meals with a nice order of liver and onions in front of you, and just as you are about to slide a forkful of your eats into your mouth, have some tango dancer kick your liver all over the place.

But music is all right in its place.

It's an inspiring sight to see a body of soldiers come marching down the street, led by a band of music. But in a battle the band doesn't lead the soldiers. The band is in the rear. It bursts into an inspiring strain of music, the soldiers listen to it for a moment—and then run like the deuce—for the enemy. They'd rather face the enemy than listen to the music.

Look at those street bands they import from Germany.

However, to return to normal conditions. The wise lover of today is not inclined to allow the high cost of loving—I mean living—to enter into his realm of existence.

For instance, Charlie is laying siege to Mabel's heart. He gives his bank roll the merry exam and discovers that a couple of two-dollar theatre tickets would necessitate jitney banquets for a whole week,

so he therefore hikes to the nearest ten-cent store and buys three copies of the latest songs. He marches in good order to his sweetheart's fortifications, reconnoiters, finds his natural enemy, her father, is out and boldly enters the outer gates.

He brings out his thirty cents worth of entertainment ammunition and the battle commences promptly at eight.

By twelve o'clock Charlie and Mabel have nearly reached the chorus of the first song. Then it is discovered that somebody has turned off the parlor lights and the music notes no longer can be seen.

The thoughtful mother from upstairs calls to her daughter and suggests that as it is growing chilly she should have something around her.

Charlie considers the suggestion an excellent one. One of his arms has been full of girlie for some time past and he wonders if his other arm couldn't be pressed into service.

He scouts about in the dark, discovers his left wing is on a furlough, and immediately orders it to reinforce his right wing. The left wing promptly responds,

and to his intense gratification he finds he has entirely surrounded the girl.

Suddenly he hears heavy footsteps coming up the front steps. The enemy, her father, is advancing to the "firing line." And Charlie nervously awaits the heavy firing which he is sure will soon commence.

All wrong.

The old man has been out on scout duty and all he wants is to gain his own quarters unobserved by his commanding officer, Friend Wife.

It is now 12:30 and time Charlie was going.

It requires a full half hour for the two sweethearts to go from the parlor to the hall and mobilize Charlie's hat and cane.

Then another half hour is consumed in a march to the front door.

They finally get to the porch and start to say good-bye. They keep up the good-bye stuff until the paper boy bombards them with the morning paper.

Mabel says she is sorry, and she'll have that paper stopped.

Charlie says, "You don't have to. I just stopped it with my eye."

What General Sherman said about war is right.

But the old gentleman overlooked love.

Love is what he said about war—only more so.

Now music has eight notes. It commences with "Dough" and ends with "dough." Consequently, everybody "in" music is "out for the dough."

There are also sharps and flats in music. It's a question whether there are more "sharps" or "flats" in this art.

Then come the bars.

You all know what a bar is.

A bar in music is a place where you stop. There are, of course, other kinds of bars.

I stopped at the latter kind on my way home last night, and when I reached home I didn't have any "dough."

Father was very fond of music. One day a Gypsy girl came to our house, and she told father that she would sing.

Father asked her if she charged for her singing. And she said that she charged ten cents a mile.

Father said to her, "Well, here is fifty cents—don't sing for five miles."

Songs are written by inspiration.

John Howard Paine went on a vacation one summer and the very next day he

wrote "Be It Ever So Humble, There's No Place Like Home."

But you can't take it away. Music and song are the grand little institutions.

I sing a little myself—very little.

I sang at an entertainment the other evening. I was a bit afraid that my voice wasn't strong enough to fill the theatre. So when I came off the stage after my song I said to the stage manager: "Mr. Blank, do you think that everybody in the audience heard me?"

He says, "I know a lot of them did. I saw them get up and go out."

Abie Cohen's Wedding Day

CHARACTER:

ABIE COHEN *is a ready conversationalist, when his hands are free.*

ABIE, *seriously advises*:

Take it away from me, I vouldn't tell you no lie, but double marriage is vorser than single cussedness.

Every time I think back ahead and think how happy I vas when I was it a single man, I get a headache in de head.

First, I asked de father from de girl dot I married, if I got married his daughter, vould I be happy.

He said it, "My boy, you vill never know true happiness until you are married."

Vell, by de time I found it out he was right, it was too late yet.

De girl I married said it she was a duchess in her own right. I found out she had a good vallop in her left, too.

I shall never forget it my vedding day.

De ceremony was called for five o'clock in the afternoon.

You see, nobody wanted to have it their whole day spoiled.

But I, like a chump, vas afraid I vould be late. So I hired a taxis cab. If I should know it then what I know now, I vould have valked.

De taxis cab went so fast we got a pinch from a cop policemans officer.

It made de taxis cab driver so mad he valloped the cop policemans officer in de jaw. Then two more cops came up and they brought us before de judge.

De judge looked at me and said, "Say, didn't I tell you de last time I never vanted to see you here again?"

I says, "Sure you did, judge. That's what I told de cops policemans officers, but they wouldn't believe me."

Then de judge said, "Can't this affair be settled out of court?"

De taxis cab driver said, "Your honor, that's what we was trying to do when them two cops butted in."

De judge says, "Vell, you are charged with breaking up de speed limits. Where was you going in such a hurry?"

I told de judge I vas on my vay to get married.

Then de judge says to de cop policemans officer:

"What do you mean bringing this man to me to be punished? If he was on his way to get married, ain't that enough punishment? Let him go and get it."

Vell, I had four hundred dollars saved up, and I put it in de bank. De next veek I drew it out again. Every time I vent in de bank de cashier had his hat on. He always looked like he was going avay out of town.

Vell, anyhow, when I go to de house de bride was vaiting for me. She vas afraid she would lose me otherwise.

All our friends and neighbors and a couple hundred members from de lodge was waiting, too.

But they was waiting to get a crack at de supper.

I'll bet them loafers had been saving up their appetites for a week.

Them members from de lodge go to a vedding on average once a day. On that

account it don't cost them nothing to eat. They should vorry about de high cost of living. All they got to do is congratulate somebody. Somebody should congratulate them for not costing them any money to eat.

Everybody at de vedding congratulated me except de father from de bride. He was de only one who knew what I was getting.

One fellow said, "I think I shall congratulate you. You are going to be very happy." Oh, but he made a bum think.

Oi, I should be happy when I had to pay out my good money to feed all them loafers.

De father from de bride had de ring all ready, and de bride weighed in at de ringside at exactly 310 pounds.

Veepin' Rachel, she was a fat bride. She was so fat that when she went out at night she hung a red lantern on her to show that de street was blocked. But I thought a lot of her—310 pounds worth.

I think her age was somewhere between twenty-eight and her low-neck gown.

Nobody kissed de bride. They all wanted to hang on to their appetites.

One old lady looked at de bride de once-

over and de up and down, and then she did de same to me and said: "I think he should be happy."

And a fellow said, "Vell, he's got a fat chance."

But I am gratified for one thing. I didn't pay de minister. De father from de bride paid him. I wouldn't pay no man for doing me a mean trick like he did. I don't know what de father from de bride paid de minister, but it should have been life.

When we left de house everybody threw old shoes at us.

Dot was all right except one fellow who forgot to take his foot out of his shoe.

When I think of it all, I could lie on de bed and blow out de gas. But de bill would be so big I couldn't afford it.

De bride and me vent to live in a six-room compartment.

Five rooms for her and de other one for me.

I think de landlord said it there was a bath room, with hot and cold running water. He was mistaken. De water was in no hurry—it didn't even walk.

De dining room is large. It would seat forty people—but I hope not.

De cost of living is so high that when we have steak all de neighbors come in and stand around and look at it.

De flats in de building are so close together that I can reach from our kitchen right into de next door neighbor's pantry. Take it away from me, that's a big saving.

De landlord wanted from me fifty dollars month rent. He said he thought he had that much coming to him. He has yet. I never paid him. De building was built in a hurry. After de first month it began to settle. De building settled, but I didn't.

After de first month de building had settled so much that de people on de third floor was living in de basement. Nothing stayed up but de rents.

De first Saturday I came home and from my six dollars wages I gave it my wife five dollars and kept one dollar for myself. De next Saturday I kept five dollars and give it to my wife one dollar. She hollered. She said, "Say, how do you expect me to make out on a dollar?" I says, "Vell, it is a tough job. I had a rotten time myself last veek."

Sorrows of Sadie

CHARACTER:

SADIE SUNSHINE, *a chorus girl and a sympathizing companion. Time: Before the evening performance. Scene: A table at a popular cafe. Subject: The show business.*

SADIE, *confides:*

Say, I'm all in. I feel as weak as an oyster stew at a church fair. Will I have something? Well, so long's as you mention it, make it a sloe gin fizz, quick. You know the "Merry Maidens" is to open the 15th. I went up to strike Skids, the manager, for a chance to carol in the chorus. He sez to me: "Are you an actress?"

"An actress," I sez. "As to that the jury's still out. You know, my dear, I'm the last one livin' to play my own trombone solo, but when I pull out all the emo-

tional stops and start chasin' Camille around the parlor, all the tragedy queens begin to cancel time forthwith. And my notices! My dear, it's simply immense. The man on the Jayville Junction *Journal* sez: 'Her comedy is tragedy and her tragedy is comedy.' You can't get 'em any stronger than that. Why, if it wasn't for a personal tiff with Rave Pebasco I'd be on Broadway today. At that, I'm hidin' from Claw and Earlapper. Why, Wigfeldt sez to me: 'Any time, Miss Sunshine, you want a production a star like you should have, come to me.'

"Have I a speakin' part? Believe me, I have. Right after the opening chorus I step out and say: 'Oh, girls, here comes the king.' And believe me I get a hand just as soon as the king comes on. Yes, and I'd have a song, too, if the prima don wasn't that jealous that the whole world looks like a creme de menthe to her.

"You know, party, I'm the last one to start any anvil chorus, but all that high-noted fairy knows about singing she snatched from a hurdy-gurdy without hurtin' the works. And when it comes to dancin', why, a switch engine could give her the double cross.

"Oh, it sure is the original Joe Miller entertainment. My dear, the comedians are a couple of dirges. Honest, they're so funny they are serious. The soubrette has a great future behind her, besides a grandchild among the merry villagers. As to the chorus, well, if the manager's wife had done the pickin' they couldn't have done worse. They're a rockin' chair brigade for a fact. Believe me, the only way that bunch could get a bid to a steamin' fowl and a cold grape would be to rob the mails.

"You know, I turns up at the show shop for rehearsal one mornin' about 11 a. m., just to show 'em I had the time if I was a bit shy on the filthy lucre. And Skidds says: 'Don't hurry, my dear, you might spill some of your complexion.' Yes, to me, Sadie! Can you picture the scene? Say, if it wasn't that I owed the chink six barks for sterilizin' my lonjerry, I'd a given him my two weeks then and there. You know, I'd be great in an emotional scene. But there ain't no money in it. Why, my dear, me and a lot of other prominent actresses have decided that it's the smile that's the chocolate sundae side of the show girl business.

"So I keeps on smilin' and bides me time."

Well, it finally arrives, and right on skedoole time.

One day the prima don says she's been took with the grip; but us girls took it for what it was—plain old age.

But it's up to Skidds to tie up another "lead" and glom her quick. Thereupon he gives us a Sherlock and his eyes light on yours lovingly.

Did I keel? My dear, I couldn't afford to. I've got an intact nervous system, and I says, "All right, party. But it calls for new costumes."

Did he stand for it?

Like a balky horse.

The spare moments I calls to my command is devoted to pickin' out joy rags galore.

The rehearsin' goes on. Of course I don't want to blow, but allow me to yell that I was great.

Well, the openin' night comes and I'm due to go on.

You know the way—Pearl Lavern Lucetts, known to her family Bible as Mame Casey, steps out from the front row and on account of her drag with the manager

says: "Oh, girls, here comes Madeline now!"—meanin' me.

The perfesser down in the pit gives the Bowscrapers Local No. 1 the high sign and in I comes, my knees flutterin' like watered stock, to sing the latest scream, "I'm the Little Girl with the Curl."

Say, in about a minnit I had that crowd of first night frosts cut out and pasted in my album, ready for reference, and when the soubrette comes on they wouldn't know she was above the green except she hollored at them.

The next mornin' the critics all hand it to me proper, says I come under the wire breezin' with the rest of the show undecided whether to finish or to turn around and go back.

Oh, it wuz all to the exult, believe me.

That night I goes to the shop and just as I'm climbin' into the tony outfit, the manager comes in and tells me that the prima don is back on the job and that I won't be needed in the ring after the gong sounds on that performance.

Do you get that? Me makin' good, her nibs comes on deck, and it's little Myrtle back again before the mast.

As a gaudy tale of woe methinks that's

got the story of Laura the Lovelorn Laundress lookin' like the last rose of summer.

Say, party, what time is it? Gee, that late? Well, it's me for the marathon back to the play foundry. Drop around to the flat sometime for a salad mixed by my own fair hands, will yeh?

Thanks—so long.

Tipperary Tips

CHARACTER:

BARNEY O'HARA, *with a bit of Irish wit in capsule form. Recommended as a cure for the blues.*

BARNEY, *prescribes a laugh tonic:*

This monologue will be more effective if the Irish dialect is used only when the speaker is quoting O'Brien.

O'Brien is a particular friend of mine; he is likewise Irish, as his name may indicate.

If you think he isn't proud of his nationality and his name, merely question his birthplace.

For instance, I said to him one day:

"O'Brien, what's the difference what they call you? As the poet says, 'What's in a name?' "

"Well," said O'Brien, "call me wan that Oi don't loike, an' Oi'll show yez."

Only once did I see O'Brien worsted. He fought with a brother Irishman and was soundly thrashed.

I said, "See here, O'Brien, I thought you said you could lick Murphy standing on your head and with both hands tied behind your back."

"So Oi could," answered O'Brien, "but the big slob wouldn't fight that way."

One day O'Brien was arrested for a trivial offense. The prosecuting attorney asked him a lot of fool questions, finally winding up by asking O'Brien if he were acquainted with any of the police officers.

"Sure," replied O'Brien, "do ye think Oi found me way in here alone?"

Then the magistrate said, "O'Brien, the evidence shows that you threw a brick at the plaintiff."

"Yis," says O'Brien, "an' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him."

O'Brien had a good job with the Hercules Locomotive Works, but one day was discharged. The foreman, fearful of O'Brien's pugilistic prowess, put his discharge in writing. A week later, in pass-

ing through the shop, he spied O'Brien at work at his old bench.

Going up to O'Brien he said:

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"Sure Oi did."

"Did you read it?" asked the foreman.

"Sure Oi did. Oi read it outside an' Oi read it inside. On the inside ye said Oi was fired, an' on the outside ye said: 'Return to Hercules Locomotive Works in Five Days.'"

O'Brien is flung out of a saloon at one o'clock at night and goes forth hunting for another.

He wanders along and finally passes a large cemetery. A man steps suddenly forth, wrapped in a long white sheet.

"Who are ye?" asks O'Brien.

"I'm a ghost," replies the stranger, "and I just come from the cemetery."

"Well," says O'Brien, "did ye happen to notice if Clancy's place wuz open as ye came by?"

Upon reaching home that same night O'Brien became engaged in a somewhat heated argument with Mrs. O'Brien. After she had chased him around the room several times he finally took refuge under the bed.

"Come out from under that bed," she yelled.

"Oi'll do nothin' of the kind," said O'Brien.

"Come out," said she.

"Oi'll not," said he. "Oi'll show ye who's boss in this house."

O'Brien had heard much about the large pay received by deep sea divers, and by stetching the truth regarding things pertaining to his experience along that line, he finally got a job as one.

But he only went down once, and had only been down two minutes before he signaled to be drawn up.

They quickly got him to the surface and hurriedly removed his helmet.

"What's the trouble?" anxiously inquired the boss diver.

"Oi'm done with divin'," said O'Brien. "No more divin' fer me. The divil with a job where ye can't spit on yer hands!"

O'Brien's next job was digging an excavation. At the finish of his first day's work he met the foreman and asked him how he liked him.

The foreman told O'Brien that he was the best workman he had on the job.

O'Brien says: "Oi've got a brother home who's just as strong as Oi am. Do ye think ye could give him a job?"

"Sure," said the foreman. "Bring him with you in the morning."

The next morning O'Brien brought his brother Mike to work. At quitting time that night O'Brien said:

"Well, whatta yez think of us?"

The foreman said: "You two are the best men I've got on the job."

O'Brien said: "My father is lookin' fer a job."

The foreman asked if his father was as good a workman as the two boys.

O'Brien said: "Is he? Say he can do as much work as both of us put together."

"Well," said the foreman, "tell your father to come to work tomorrow morning —and you two boys stay home."

One night Mrs. O'Brien asked him to open a can of sardines, and O'Brien took the can and began his task.

"Sure," said Mrs. O'Brien, "'tis lucky we are to git them sardines. They do say as how the big fish eat up all the little ones."

"Faith," says O'Brien, "an' how the divil do they open the cans?"

O'Brien longed for the farmer's life and finally got himself a job on a farm.

The first morning the farmer wakes O'Brien at 3:30 L. L.—lamplight.

"What's doin'?" inquired O'Brien.

"We're goin' out and dig potatoes," replied the farmer.

"Not me," says O'Brien. "Oi don't know where they are. Let the feller who planted them go dig 'em. He knows where they are."

But eventually O'Brien obtained a job much to his liking, that of conductor on a trolley car.

Everything went along fine until the third day when an inspector happened to board O'Brien's car and watched O'Brien work.

Finally the inspector said:

"See here, O'Brien, how is this? You have ten passengers and only nine fares rung up."

"Is thot so?" said O'Brien. Then, turning to the passengers he shouted:

"There's wan too many of yez on this car. Wan of yez'll have to git off."

But I shall never forget the time O'Brien's mother-in-law passed away.

I met O'Brien and said to him: "What did she leave you?"

"She left me alone—ain't thot enough?" said he.

"But," said I, "I understand you've been spending a hundred dollars or more to get her out of purgatory."

"B'gorry," said O'Brien, "an' ain't it worth all thot to git her out before Oi git in?"

Kissing as an Art

CHARACTER:

DUDLEY FLEETWOOD, *the reckless kisser. Efficiency is his middle name.*
DUDLEY, *gladly instructs*:

In these days of pure food agitation it behooves us to inquire carefully into every article which comes into contact with our lips. Food, drink and tobacco must be pure, say our wise legislators, but—how about kisses. Kisses must also be pure and unadulterated or our health will be in danger. They say that we are liable to come in contact with a bunch of microbes every time we go up against a red, juicy pair of lips. These are the antiseptic days. They tell us to use an antiseptic for everything, and we will run no danger. In other words we must carry in

our pockets a bottle of carbolic acid or a package of chloride of lime. *Great!*

Now it's up to us to sprinkle a spray of carbolic acid on our lips before we kiss our best girl.

Can you imagine kissing a girl on the sofa—I mean on the lips—all the lights are turned low, and there you stand; the room is dark; you know how you stand, at least you think you do; you feel where she stands, but you are afraid to apply the dope, for fear you might get a lump of lime up her nose, or in her eyes, and if you did, why, she couldn't see you at all.

Say, did anybody here ever kiss a bunch of chloride of lime?

That for the law!

They can pinch me any old time they want to. But when I kiss I demand the right to come in contact with the same old microbes I have always been up against.

Those microbes that belong to the Kiss family are friends of mine. They never made me sick—not on your life! Look at me. Look at me, I say. I've been kissing and have been kissed all my life, and I never have been sick a day.

They want to place kisses in the cold storage category.

Cold storage is all right for some articles of food, but not for kisses.

Did you ever dabble in cold storage kisses?

If you've ever had a girl give you the frozen face, you can imagine what the cold storage brand would be like.

You may have eaten cold storage eggs and you can imagine how the feelings of an egg are injured when it is delegated to be a member of the cold storage household. Picture a kiss when it has been in the same category for a few months. Boys, we'll have to carry hammers around with us and chop the ice off of them before we can use them.

At the same time we must realize that there is a vast difference in kissing. Let us drop the antiseptic method, and catalogue kisses.

Kissing a pretty girl comes under the head of bliss.

Kissing an old maid or a homely girl is business.

And everybody is familiar with the expression: "Business is bad." It is more often you hear that business is bad than business is good. Which simply goes to

prove that kissing anything but a pretty girl is bad business.

Kissing is not an art nor a trade. It's just bliss—bliss that's all.

Bliss is the best rhyme in the business for kiss. That's why it's called bliss. Kiss doesn't rhyme with pain; I should say not.

But what a vast difference there is in kisses. And also in kissers!

Some girls are born kissers.

While others have kisses thrust upon them.

Of the two classes I much prefer the former.

And I had a "former" one time.

I remember getting one of those kind one night.

I was standing with my best girl on her front porch and we turned loose a "Sappho." Do you know what a "Sappho" is?

Well, it sounds like a thirteen inch alarm clock on a Sunday morning.

The Sappho woke up her father.

He came sprinting down the front stairs in anger and pajamas.

He said: "Young man, what was that noise?"

I said: "Sir, I was kissing your daughter."

You see, after receiving that passionate brand of kiss I didn't care what happened to me. Neither did he. So he got busy. So did I.

He said: "Where did you kiss her?"

I said: "Why, on the veranda."

He said: "Well, just cut that out! If you can't kiss my child where she should be kissed, don't come here any more."

Why, the idea!

Another time I kissed a cross-eyed girl. That was a sort of cross between pain and pleasure. I never could tell whether she was gazing into my eyes or looking for Saturday night to happen; so I resigned my position.

The next on my list was a girl with false teeth.

I was wholly unaware of that fact until one night I kissed her. Her foot slipped and I swallowed her front teeth.

For a whole week I had pains in my stomach. I sent for a doctor. He said I didn't need him. What I wanted was a dentist.

The dentist said he'd either have to pull the teeth or fill them.

I told him he had better pull them, because I had been filling them for a week with nice porterhouse steak and it only made them ache.

Finally he pulled my teeth—I mean, her teeth. Then he pulled my leg, and between the two he got fifty dollars.

After that whenever I kissed I used a filter. Great scheme that! Much better than chloride of lime, and it doesn't taste so bad.

I used to have a certain girl in a certain town where they were very particular about kissing. To evade the law my girl and I used to go down to the depot. Another great idea that. You know you wait until a train is almost ready to start, then you begin to kiss each other good-bye. But you didn't go there to take the train. Not so's you could notice it.

You wait until the next train is ready to start and then you kiss good-bye all over again. I remember one day it was an awful busy day at the depot; they ran a hundred excursions out of that depot, and we kissed out every one of them. Oh, business was good that day!

But one day I finally fell in love. I had fallen in the river several times, but this was the first time I ever fell for real love.

This girl was so tall that whenever she'd fall down she'd be half way home. And she was so tall that she had to use a step ladder to comb her own hair. And—say, she was so thin that she used to drink muddy water so that people couldn't see through her.

But otherwise she was all right.

But her father!

Her father was so crooked that he couldn't hide behind a corkscrew. And drink. He used to drink so much that whenever he ate an apple he could hear it splash.

But his foot. Gee whiz, he had the biggest foot I ever worked with.

Why, that man wore out more trousers by his foot than I could buy by the yard.

Why, all my trousers actually got so they knew him. Every time he came within striking distance the colors in my trousers would run. That man's foot got to be a regular habit with me.

Whenever I'd see him coming, instead of going up to him and meeting him face

to face, I'd turn around and back toward him.

And he never disappointed me. *Never!*

He had the meanest disposition I ever felt.

He was always kicking about something.

And the worst of it was I never could *see* what he was kicking at. Why, I never could get close enough to the old man's foot to ask for his daughter's hand. His foot stood between me and his daughter's hand for a long time.

He kicked against me marrying her.

But I wouldn't give up that girl.

What there was left of me still loved her.

But the positive finish came when he caught me and his girl and my girl in bathing together. My girl and I were seated on the sandy beach, in our bathing suits. Her suit was full and flowing and showed signs of careful cultivation, so to speak. Mine wasn't of the same kind, and not enough of it to speak of at all. Mine was of the small and early variety; somebody had picked it before it was ripe. Now a small and unripe bathing suit is a poor article of defense to stop a husky kick

with. The old man was there and I knew what was about to happen. If I had only been in the water, it wouldn't have been so bad—maybe. In the water there would have been a chance for a few pailfuls of Atlantic ocean between him and my bathing suit. But there was I a-waiting on the beach. The sun was shining brightly, then suddenly the glorious sun ceased to shine —and the stars came out. And, oh, what beautiful stars they were. Well, about two weeks later I sat down—I sat down and wrote him a letter. You know, I had to wait that long before I could sit down. I said: "Dear Sir, you have deeply injured my self respect."

He immediately wrote back: "Mr. Young Man. I am very sorry that I hurt your self respect, but—you carry it in a very dangerous place."

Panhandle Pete

CHARACTER:

When arrested for vagrancy, the judge gave Pete his choice—ten days or ten dollars. He took the ten dollars.

PETE *hands out a piece of free advice:*

Since I saw you folks I've had everything happen to me.

Everything except something to eat.

I don't mean by that I ever miss a meal, but I must say that I've had a whole lot of them postponed in my time.

The doctors tell us that if we want to be healthy, we should walk after a meal. Well, I should be healthy. Some days I walk ten miles after a meal, and then don't get one.

If it wasn't for the men I'd eat pretty regular. The women cook things, and

somebody has to eat what they cook, that's all.

But the darn fool men! They want us to go to work.

Me work? Not while I have my health and strength!

What good does work do anyhow?

But I must tell you the experience I had while on my way to your beautiful city.

The car in which I rode had two large doors—one on each side of the car. However, there was plenty of room. In fact, after they unloaded the cattle I had the car all to myself.

Pretty soon the train stopped and another passenger got on. I noticed he was very nicely dressed. He paid no attention to me but laid down in one corner of the car and I in the other. We hadn't gone far before we were aroused by a brakeman. He shook my fellow passenger by the collar and asked him where he was going and if he had any money.

The young chap burst into tears and told a most pathetic story. It seems that his sister was dead, he had no money and he was compelled to travel in this manner in order to attend her funeral.

The brakeman's eyes were full of tears

as he listened, and he finally told the young fellow that he could ride to his destination without fear of being further annoyed.

Then he turned to me. The brakeman did.

He says, "Well, who are you?"

I says, "Mister, I am one of the pall bearers."

But I'm mighty glad to be in this town. This is one of the first towns I was ever born in.

But I wasn't always a tramp. Once I was a society man. I was five years in society before I fully realized to what depths I had fallen. Then I resolved to better my condition in life. It was a hard struggle, an awful uphill fight, and it was only after years of earnest endeavor that I rose in the world and became what I am today.

So I want to say to the poor unfortunate society men who may be present here this evening, have courage! What I have done you likewise can do. My profession is open to you, and everyone of our noble brethren will only be too glad to extend a helping hand.

Then take a look at our society women.

They call themselves the "400," but a lot of them look more like the "57."

Much has been said about these women's clothes. Take it from me, there's a lot of talk about *nothing*.

When they get ready to go to a big party they call in their dressmakers. When their husbands get the bills, they call in the doctors.

For instance, at the opera you can see many of the leading spinal columns and some of the most prominent shoulder blades in society. I asked a friend if it was considered proper to wear a gown like that at a card party. He said it was not, because when you play poker it is only necessary to show your hand.

Personally, I always feel sorry for a woman in an opera gown. There is too much of her out in the climate.

Oh, I forgot to tell you. My brother got married last week.

He was out of a job for six months—he had to do something.

He married a waitress in a hotel dining room. Now he's sore on the landlord of that hotel. He says he'll never stop there again. He claims the landlord should have told him that there would be an extra

charge for anything taken from the dining room.

I remember when I was a mere youth, my father said to me, "My son, when you think you are ready to marry, be sure the girl you take is 34 years old."

I said, "Yes, father, but wouldn't it be all the same if I took two girls at seventeen?"

My father was a very good man. He never took a drink in his life. He had every one given to him.

I will say this of father. No one in our family ever saw him drunk. He used to go away for two or three days.

Father once said to me, "My son, when you are drinking you should always know when to stop." I told him I did. I always stopped at the next place I came to.

He meant that I should always know when I had had enough.

I said, "Yes, father, but how will I know when I've had enough?"

He gave me an example. He said, "Do you see those two automobiles coming down the street? Well, when those two autos look like four autos, you've had enough."

I said, "Yes, father, but there's only *one* auto coming down the street."

I quite forgot to tell you of another experience I had since I saw you last. I got a job with the Salvation Army. I was sent out to collect money. The first person I struck was an old man of about 75. I told him that I was collecting for the Lord, and asked him for a dollar.

"Collecting for the Lord?" he says. "Young man, how old are you?"

I told him I was this side of thirty.

"Well," says he, "as you are not yet thirty, and as I am 75, I got a hunch I'll get to see the Lord first. So I'll hand Him the dollar myself."

But this is sure a funny old world.

If a man gives to charity he is doing it merely for show.

If he holds on to his money he is a tightwad.

If he lets his wife go on a vacation he does it to get rid of her so that he can raise the deuce.

If he doesn't let her go he's a selfish old beast.

If he dies young everybody says it was likely for the best, as he probably

wouldn't have amounted to anything anyhow.

If he lives to be old they say he was old enough to die, as he never amounted to anything.

If he's a politician he's a grafter.

If he takes no interest in politics he lacks public spirit.

If he attends church regularly he's a hypocrite.

If he never goes to church he's on the road to ruin.

If he is poor he has no brains.

If he's rich he's a crook.

If he takes a drink now and then he is a drunkard.

If he never takes a drink he's a crank.

If he grows a beard he is old fashioned.

If he is smooth-shaven, folks wonder why he doesn't grow a beard and hide as much of his ugly face as possible.

If he has no automobile they say he is too poor to get one.

If he does own an automobile they say he must be head over heels in debt.

Anyhow and anyway you look at it, it's a funny old world.

Tillie Olson's Romance

CHARACTER:

TILLIE OLSON, *a Swedish queen of the kitchen, who yust got over.*

TILLIE, *reveals her past and present love affairs:*

I yust got over, so I tank I drop in here for a little while.

I mean I yust got over an awful excitements.

I yust ban chased by a faller.

I tank he ban trying to elope to me on account my stylish beauty.

I ban come to dis country three years to see if I can find my sweetheart, Yon Anderson. But I don't can find him, so I tank I look around and see if I can find me a nice faller to take place of Yon. Yon he ban purty smart faller. People say he's too smart for me to find him.

I like to get a nice faller like Yon was, so one night last week I went to a Svenska church. They ban having a prairie meeting. They have prairie meetings every Wednesday nights.

When the preacher say, "Everybody skol please bow their heads," I tank that be a good chance to look around and see if I find a nice faller in the audience. You bet I see one I going to make a smash on him.

Yust ven I look around, I see a nice looking faller, and yust ven I look at him he vinks a eye, like dis. Then I get busy and make a goo-goo right back.

Purty quick he come by me and sit down by me, and he ask me if I ban all alone tonight. Ven I say I tank I am, he ask me can he take me home. He say, that is, if I got a home. I say, "What you tink I live in a stable?"

So he took me home.

I tole you he ban a nice faller. He say I skol call him Oscar. I say why skol I call him Oscar, and he say because that is his name.

One night purty quick Oscar took me out for a swell time. Oscar he don't care for expenses. He say he's got a lot of

them that's why he don't care. He ban a good spender. He spend money that night like a fish. Oscar he spend sixty cents that night. Ten cents for the five cent theatres, twenty cents for car fares and the rest for a swell meal in a restaurants.

By yiminie, Oscar don't care no more for sixty cents than he do for his right eye.

Oscar say I skol come with him some night to his home and he skol make me know his mudder.

I say all right, so one night I go with Oscar to know his mudder.

His mudder ban purty fat. I tank every woman has privilege to be fat if she like to, but Oscar's mudder she abused her privilege.

When she come into the room I say to Oscar: "Look, Oscar; look at the big crowd that yust come in."

Oscar look and say, "That ain't no crowd. That ban my mudder."

That woman she ban so cross-eyes I could no tell if she ban looking for a yob or yust waiting for Sunday to come.

By yiminie, but she was some talking machine.

She ban give me a look one or two times

over, then she say to Oscar, "Who left the door open?"

Then she commence to ask me all about Sweden, and if I got lots of money, what size shoes I wear and how much I pay for my hats. Oh, she ban a butt-in!

Then she ask me if I got a fadder and mudder. I say to her, "Lady, do you tank I grow on a cranberry tree?"

She say, "You got any brothers?" I say, "Yes, lady, two living and one married."

Then she got mad. I tank that old coffee pot she boil over in a minute.

She say to Oscar, "Come here, Oscar. Whar you got that fresh Swede?"

Oscar say, "She ban fine gal, mudder. I got her from a church."

She say, "Well, you take her right back whar you get her or I skol throw you both out."

Of course I have to go then.

Yesterday I got inviting to Oscar's wedding. I wouldn't go only he wanted me to be his wife. I say to him I skol try and make him happy. He say that won't be hard to do because he won't be home very often.

I tole you we skol have some swell wed-

ding. My clothes skol all be imported, like a sausage. Oscar say he skol get his from the ten cent store.

Already we got lots of presents. Oscar s mudder gave me a nice present for my neck. A cake of soap. Then she gave Oscar something for his head. A vacuum cleaner.

To celebrate our wedding Oscar took me and his mudder for a boat ride. He hired a special boat. Oscar's mudder was the heaviest thing on board, so they used her for ballast.

We sailed around I tank for two hours, and when the boat bumped up against the landing it shook us all up purty good, I tole you. It shook all of Oscar's mudder's teeth from her jaw. I give ten cents to a little boy to pick them up. I was afraid if I stooped down for them, they might bite me.

As Tony Tells It

CHARACTER:

TONY BRAGODELLO *has an imported dialect. Try it on your vocabulary.*

TONY, *he tell-a you:*

A man say to me: "Tony, why you leave old country, Italy?"

I tell you all 'bout.

I leave-a da Italy 'cause I hear much-a 'bout United States, America.

Everybody say to me: "Tony dat some country—great! It is a *free* country—everyting free in United States, America."

Dat listen purty good to me, so I catch him up big ship for United States, America.

I tell-a you I'm much obliged to come to place where I getta everyting for nothing.

I'm still much obliged till da big-a da ship him two days out in da ocean. For two days I no getta someting to eat. Da third day a man say to me: "What's matter, Tony? You look-a da sick."

I say: "I'm much-a hungry. I no catch him up something to eat on dis-a ship."

The man say: "Why not?"

I say: "I no gotta much-a da mon. I save him what I got till I getta da big hungry."

The man laugh and say: "Tony, you one big-a da follish. Da meals no cost nothing; they go with da tickets."

O, mommee!

Then he tell-a me someting.

He say on dis-a ship is a lady steward. He tella me if I want-a get much-a eats I must make-a da love to her.

I say to him if she old woman. He say no, she is chicken.

I talk to myself and say dat's a good idea.

Da next meal time I put-a my arm around her waist, and she bring-a me da big smash of ham and egg. Da next day I kiss her, and I getta da fine big-a da steak and mushy rooms.

Next day I feel-a hand under the table and I squeeze it much-a da hard—and I got a wallop in da eye. It was a mans steward.

O, mommee!

But I eat-a so much I am sick. My inner tubes don't behave good.

A man say to me: "Sea sick?"

I say to him no the sea is not sick; it is me, I'm much-a da sick.

For three days I no eat someting. Dat make-a me sorry. I pay for eat and no can eat. When I tink of dat I getta sick some more.

Then I talk to myself and say never mind, Tony. When you getta United States, America, everyting is free. You eat-a da fat on da land and nobody take-a your mon.

A man say to me: "Tony, you been in United States, America, before?"

I say him no.

He say to me: "Ah, dat one big-a da country. Five thousand miles across-a da chest and ten thousand miles up and down from his head to feets."

He say: "One of your countrymans—Christo Columbus—he discovered United States, America."

I say to him: "If United States, America, dat-a big, I no can see how Christo Columbus can miss it."

He look at-a me and say: "Aw, you make-a me sick!"

Next day everybody on ship all sick.

I tink maybe I am cause, till da captain say no, it's da big-a da storm. It make-a de ship heave—just like everybody else.

Right away everybody got particular business at da side of da ship. One mans fall out of ship, and da captain yell:

"Throw up a rope!"

I tell him I could but I no swallow a rope.

One womans say to da captain: "Mister Captain, how far are him from land?"

Da captain say three miles him from land.

Da womans say: "Which way?"

Da captain say: "Straight down, please."

Bimeby, purty quick we sail him up New York bay, and I get off at United States, America.

One mans say to me I should have a taxi. I say to him sure I will. Why should I walk in a free country. I walk in Italy but not in United States, America.

So I jump in taxi. He say where I want to go. I tell-a him I'm no particular, just so I see all da United States, America.

He laugh and slam-a da door.

Bimeby, purty quick he open da door and say I shall get out and catch him up my hotel.

I getta out taxi and mans hold out him hand.

He say: "Kick in two dollars, please."

I say to him I no kick in two dollars. United States, America, free country.

He say to me full of indignity: "You big stiff, I'll show you!"

But he no show me. I don't see nothing for one-a da week.

Both my looks are shut him up tight.

I tell-a you I no find dis-a country free. I gotta work in United States, America, just like Italy.

Da first job I go work on farm. Nice job. All I gotta do is getta up three clock morning and work till twelve clock night. Da farmer say his other hired man used to do da in eight hours, but he take-a liking to me and I can take-a all da hours I want.

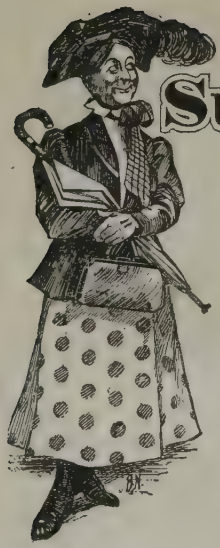
He got a nice gal, his daughter. I

make-a da smash on her. She fine gal, big and fat. One night she sat on my lap two hours, then she say to me: "Tony, you tired?"

I say to her: "I was-a tired hour ago, but now I tink I am paralyzed."

Da farmer he say to me I shall be careful big snakes. He say look-a out for da rattle snakes. He say every time rattle snake go to bite a mans he make-a da noise on his rattle. I say to him I no forget.

Next day I am set on a log eating my dinner. Bimeby, purty quick I look-a and see a big-a da snake, mouth open like-a dis. I make-a da quick jump, so do big-a da snake. Da big-a da snake strike-a da log, and I getta da much angry. I shake-a my fist like-a dis and say: "Whassa matter, snake? Why you no ring-a da bell, eh?"



Suffragette Susie

CHARACTER:

SUSIE SMITH, *who might be willing to change her name and pay the parson as well. A life job for a man of courage.*

SUSIE, *expounds:*

My dear sisters, as an officer in the army of suffragettes, it becomes my sacred duty to scatter broadcast general orders and commands.

In our glorious campaign against our common enemy, man, it well behooves us to frame our plans of action. It is our duty, dear sisters, to look as attractive as possible at all times. As witness me!

It is a great battle we are fighting. Therefore, be sure, sisters, and keep your powder dry.

Remember, all is fair in war, so it is therefore permissible to take as many

men captives as you may wish. If you catch a man, hold on to him. It may be your one and only chance to get one.

We are fighting for a great cause. If you happen to forget what the cause is, ask a man. Men always remember all things political.

Keep your hair and your courage up, sisters, your temper down, your feet dry and your nose powdered.

In giving this lecture, night after night, I have attained quite a reputation. In fact, so famous have I become that two large cities in the middle-west have both claimed me as belonging to them. St. Louis, for instance, claims that I belong in Chicago, and Chicago, just as emphatically, declares that I belong in St. Louis.

I have selected for my discourse this evening my celebrated lecture, "The Woman Who Hesitates Is Lost."

It is not my purpose to deride the men. But there are some men, however, who believe that if women are to have rights, they should be willing to stand up for them. I meet a bunch of such men in a street car every once in a while.

Some men also believe in clubs for women. Also sandbags and any old thing

they can lay their hands to in case of an argument.

Man is a proud and a vain animal. He goes around bragging about what a wonderful baby he has, and the cute things it says and does. He doesn't mention his wife or give her a bit of credit. But there's one thing you must admit, my dear listeners, and I want to impress this fact on your minds, that when a baby is hungry, it doesn't cry for its father.

Man is one of the greatest problems us women have to solve. For instance, no woman can understand why it is that a man will spend three dollars a week for flowers while he's trying to win a girl. And after he's married to her he won't even take home a nickel's worth of dandelions to her.

A man has been known to discover the North or the South Pole, but show me the man clever enough to find where a hook and eye come together in the back of his wife's gown.

A man will go sound to sleep if his wife tries to talk to him after supper. But he can walk around a pool table playing Kelly pool for fifteen hours at a stretch and never bat an eye.

Before a man marries he swears by his fiancée. After he marries, he swears at his wife.

Listen, sisters, when women get in power there will be no such thing as war. War will be forever done away with.

Why? Because women would have to do the fighting. Can you imagine what a fight a regiment of women would put up? If you can't picture it, just ask any man who has ever had a fight with just one woman, let alone a regiment.

In the next place, no true woman would ever go to war.

Our Congress might declare a war and say, "Ladies, we are about to have a stylish war. You are all invited to go."

What would the answer be?

Simply the old and tried excuse: "Sorry, but I can't go. I have nothing to wear."

And away would go the old war to the junk pile.

My dear sisters, we demand the right to vote, run for office and hold down soft political jobs just the same as the men. In other words, we insist on the same right to go out nights and "sit up with a sick friend." Don't forget that women may

have friends that are sick. If our friends aren't sick, they ought to be. I know I've got a lot of friends that make me sick.

We also want the right to go out nights and "feed the kitties." Women know more about what kind of food cats require than men.

Our mint in Washington, run by men, issues a new piece of money, and it is claimed by them that it takes fully six months to get it into circulation. Something is radically wrong. If the mint were operated by women, do you suppose it would take six months for that money to get into circulation. No, siree! Leave it to the women to put money into circulation—and quick to.

Some wise man has figured that men can do entirely without sleep. They claim that man has been sleeping away his life. Leave it to the men to give women the worst of it. Say, if man is educated to do without sleep, what chance will a woman have to go through his pockets?

These same wise men claim that women are stronger for marriage than men. They illustrate their argument by pointing to the costume worn by a bride. A bride dresses entirely in white. White, all

white. Dress, slippers, veil and other things—white being the color denoting the festive, joyous occasion. But does the groom wear white? Not on your merry existence. He, poor thing, dresses entirely in black, a color only worn on the most sorrowful occasions. He realizes what he is up against and dresses accordingly.

Married men declare that life for them nowadays is just one blamed hook after another. From the time they are "hooked" at the altar until they begin to hook their wife's gown in the back, it is nothing but hooks, hooks, hooks!

Show me, sisters, a man living today who can hook his wife's gown and restrain a certain vocabulary. Friend wife calls to hubby to come and hook her in the back. He obeys, but if he had his way, he'd hook her in the jaw.

But, being a dutiful husband, he grabs a hook in one hand and begins an exploration for an eye across a two-inch chasm of lace. And when he cannot find a partner for a certain young hook, he artfully hitches him onto a hunk of lace instead. All the time he is making a noise like a

perfect grouch, with remarks like unto these:

"Why the deuce don't you pull those strings tighter so this dress can get together?"

Or: "Gee, you've got fat since you had this dress made."

And all this time the poor wifey is doing a classic dance about the room in a frenzied attempt to assist him.

It was said that King Solomon had a thousand wives. But that was before the days of hooks. Just supposing he was invited out some evening, and had to hook up every one of his wives before he went? What time do you think he'd get to the party?

But to return to friend husband. Just as he gets the last hook hooked, she says, "John, unhook me again. I think I'll wear my other corset."

It is my contention, dear sisters, that a woman is fully equal to any of man's occupations in life. It is claimed by some that a woman can't be a competent doctor. I have an alibi for that statement.

Take a good-looking woman physician. She'll walk into a sick room, examine a patient, and immediately the sick man

straightens up and begins to take notice. She then sits on the edge of the bed, gently takes his hand in hers, lays her pretty head on his breast and commences to take his heart and pulse beats. Sisters, that man's going to get well right on the spot. What mortal man is going to die under those conditions?

A Sad Lover

CHARACTER:

WORTHINGTON WASHINGTON *is a colored Romeo. The original Romeo required a balcony to exploit his love affair but this Romeo does not. His lady love would put the everlasting kibosh on any balcony ever constructed.*

WORTHINGTON, *elucidates*:

I jus' met with a mos' terrible accident. A man asked me to take a drink, and, by golly, I nevah heard him.

Did yo' notice dat blind beggar on dat corner ovah yonder? Dat man sho' has mah sympathy in mo' ways dan one. He told me jus' now dat he bought a man's wife from him fo' thirty-five cents. Jus' think of a man sellin' his wife fo' thirty-

five cents. And any man dat would cheat a blind beggar like dat ought to get life imprisonment—twice a year.

Dat blind man complained dat people pass him by and don't give him nothin'. By golly, I ain't so low-down mean dat I wouldn't give a blind beggar somethin'. Dis very mawnin' I stopped and give him three cheers.

But dis afternoon when I started to pass him, I noticed dat his eyes were open, and on his chest was dis sign: "Deaf and Dumb." I say to him, "Mistah, how's come dat yo' was blind dis mawnin' and deaf and dumb dis afternoon?" He looked at de sign and say, "Doggone it, dey made a mistake and put de wrong sign on me dis afternoon."

But did yo' evah stop to think—I did once right in de middle of a street, and an automobile knocked me into a hospital. What I meant to ask yo' was, has yo' evah been in love? I've been in (*local town*) but dat ain't to be compared to de feelin' yo' has when you're in love.

Deeply and madly in love! Yes, sah, dat's some sensation!

But did I tell yo' what I fell in love with? Listen. It was a gal!

Oh, boy, what a gal!

I loved her from de first, even if she was rather sizeable. I think she told me she carried 'bout 300 pounds of size. Talk 'bout yo' beef trust! Dat gal lived in daily defiance of de beef trust. She was fully as large east and west as she was north and south. She was meant fo' twins, but was nevah divided.

She is a woman of great weight in her community.

Whenevah I call on her she invites me into de parlor, den sits on mah lap and tells me how much she loves me.

Talk 'bout takin' on weight! I took on 300 pounds every other night or two.

After I held her on mah lap fo' 'bout fifteen minutes or so, she'd spring gayly to her feet, turn on de Victrola and invite me to fox trot her.

Did yo' evah try to fox trot 300 pounds of gal? Nobody but a hero or a devoted lovah would ever tackle dat job. Yo' might jus' as well attempt to bunny-hug a tug boat.

One night she slipped and fell on de floor and sprained her ankle or somethin'. De crash was terrific. She fairly shook

de house. And I nearly "shook her" right den. I wish now I had.

She yelled fo' me to pick her up and carry her to a chair.

And I did.

Oh, yo' needn't laugh. It took some figerin' but I had to make two trips with her to do it.

Den her father came rushin' downstairs. He asked what de trouble was. I told him and den he bawled me out fo' throwin' his darlin' child all ovah de place.

He say to me, "Boy, yo' might have broken her ankle."

I say, "Yes, sah, I might but I didn't have no ax handy."

And den he began to use language. And such language!

I can't say dat he actually swore or not, but he sho' does know all de words.

But I wasn't afraid. I ain't afraid of nobody—much.

I used to play on de football team at college. I wasn't a full-back or even a half-back. I think dey said I was more of a draw back.

Well, her father all at once noticed dat de gas was turned on full, and he let out

another roar 'bout payin' such big gas bills.

He say to me, "What yo' want to burn all dis gas fo'? When I courted mah wife I courted her in de dark, sah; in de dark."

I say, "Yes, sah, I believe yo'. If yo'd evah had the bright light on her, yo'd nevah married her."

But dat didn't insult him any. He was far from bein' a beauty himself.

He had whiskers down to his knees. But of course dat was nobody's business but his own. He could wear whiskers instead of pajamas if he wanted to.

He had two teeth. One above and one below.

Every night befo' he went to bed his prayer was, "Thank Gawd, dey meet!"

His favorite menu consisted of mush and milk.

Fo' breakfast he'd have mush and milk.

Fo' lunch he'd have milk and mush, and fo' dinner he'd change agin and have mush and milk.

But I really mus' say dat I felt sorry fo' de old man.

He was troubled with matrimonial dyspepsia.

His wife didn't agree with him.

But, at dat, I gives him credit fo' bein' a regular father. He had fifteen children befo' he begin to lose count. Some of his children was of no 'count anyhow.

His wife sho' made de old man's life miserable. Jus' kept jawin' at him all de time.

One of his neighbors say to him one day, "Mistah Johnson, why don't yo' be de boss in yo' own house? Jus' put yo' foot down."

"Go way, man," say de old man. "I does put mah foot down, and every time I does I step on a child."

But to return to mah gal.

Yo' remember we left her in a faintin' condition, wid de old man in a fightin' condition.

He finally asked me what mah intentions were regarding his charmin' daughter. Whether he was to pay fo' her board and clothes all her life or if I was.

I say to him in reply thereto dat I had a desire at one time to take her off his hands, but de high cost of everythin' had put a serious crimp in mah expectations. I couldn't figure now how it could be accomplished on mah flivver income and her eight-cylinder appetite fo' food and clothin'.

Besides, I told him, I was beginnin' to lose my affection fo' fat gals. Dey roll off mah lap.

Den he grab me and began beatin' me. He beat me fo' fully a half hour. By golly, I nevah got so tired of a niggah in all mah life!

Dat affair should have been a warnin' to me, but I still kept callin' on dat gal.

One night she went to a party with another colored gent, an acquaintance of hers, and dat made me real angry, and I cut her acquaintance. And, believe me, I cut him good and deep.

De nex' day, to square mahself with her, I bought her a nickel's worth of gum drops. She said dat dat was de first time since I first called on her dat I evah spent anythin' besides de evenin'.

De followin' day she informed me was one of her brother's birthday. Some smart boy dat. He's graduated twice from de reform school, and he ain't sixteen years old yet. He's de very picture of his father. Otherwise his health is good.

She asked me to suggest somethin' to buy her brother fo' a birthday.

I told her to buy him a nice box of

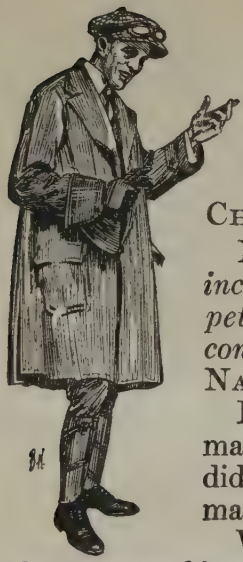
cigars. She replied to me dat he didn't smoke.

I suggested dat she get him a nice bottle of gin. She replied to me dat he didn't drink.

Den I tell her to give him a deck of cards and a box of poker chips.

She again replied to me dat her brother didn't gamble.

"Well," I say to her, "if yo' brother don't smoke, drink or gamble, buy him a kimono."



Chatter

CHARACTER:

NATTY NAT *has a jitney income and a limousine appetite; also a six-cylinder conversation.*

NAT, *steps on the gas*:

I'm surprised to see so many here this evening. I didn't know there were so many out of work.

Well, I like to go to the theatre myself once in a while. I remember the first time I ever went to a theatre and asked for a job. The boss wanted to know if I was a comical chap, and I told him I was. He said, "All right. Make me laugh and I'll give you a job."

My wife was with me; I introduced her to him, he looked at her and laughed and I went right to work.

But it's a hard thing doing a single talking act. They put you on to follow troupes of trained elephants and other in-

sects. I don't mind following the elephants, but I draw the line at following the horses. I never got a real tip on a horse in all my life.

I remember one time I followed a troupe of trained fleas. By the middle of the week every darn flea was following me everywhere I went. They finally became so attached to me that I couldn't get rid of them. They decided to make their permanent home with me. Talk about the high cost of living! It fairly made me scratch to provide them with board and lodging.

But it's a far cry from the theatre to the church. But I manage to make it once in a while. I just got to have some sleep.

Last Sunday morning I went to church. I sat between a politician and a policeman. When the collection box was passed the politician leaned over to me and said, "Say, bo, I got a dollar-twenty. How much did you get?"

I tossed a two-bit piece into the box, just like that. But when they passed the box to the policeman, he showed his star.

My father was a very religious man. He never prayed, but he was a good collector. In his day he used to pass his hat

instead of a collection box. He didn't do so bad at that. Of course, that was before the days of the cash register. One day, however, he lost his job as chief hat passer. They caught him rubbing tar on the lining of his hat.

But there's another good place to sleep besides church, and that's on a (*local street car*). I got on one last evening, went to sleep and never woke up until I got to (*neighboring town*). I believe I am the first person who ever woke up there.

I believed I mentioned the fact that I had a wife. Some men have all kinds of luck in this world, while others have a wife.

I met my wife-to-be one bargain day in (*local*) ten cent store. I know now that I could have done better if I had gone to (*local*) department store.

When I used to call on her to take her out of an evening she'd say, "Just a moment until I run upstairs and put on my hat." Then she'd give me a chair and a book to read while I was waiting. I can truthfully say that I received a liberal education while I was waiting for her to put her hat on.

I found out that a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair. But the "safety first" plan is to tell her that over a telephone.

I kept company with my wife six months and I thought I knew it all. But that was in the days before the short skirt was in style. Now, all I have got to say is, that it's a man own fault if he marries a girl with bow legs.

I will now sing a little ditty entitled, "When You Are Sick Your Friends All Bring You Fruit and Then Sit on the Bed and Eat It."

But speaking of short skirts and other eye-openers, have you noticed where the girls are wearing their watches? On the ankle. Now when you want to note the time, you look at the feet instead of the hands.

Take it from me, I've quit carrying a watch. I won't be late for the ball game if I have to ask the time from every pretty girl I meet.

And the men won't care what kind of works are in the girls' watches. It will be a case of "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own."

But to get back to more pleasing top-

ics. I attended a prohibition banquet last evening. They can call it a "prohibition" banquet if they want to, but I would call it anything but a temperance banquet. For instance, the onions were decidedly pickled. The potatoes were "stewed" to the eyes; the coffee was in its cups; the candles were all lit up; the mince pie was groggy; each plate had a bun on; the salt cellars were full, and so was the sugar bowl, and even the ice water was drunk before the evening was over.

But prohibition is looking up every day. On a Sunday in some of our great cities you can't get into a saloon. They're all too crowded.

Prohibition, however, is not what ails this country today. The trouble is that the big men are gobbling up everything in sight. One multimillionaire says he believes in taking the world as he finds it. But the trouble is he wants to take it all at once.

Another says he only takes what is right. He speaks the truth. He only takes what is right—and the people take what is left.

Money is tight. Three months ago I loaned a hundred dollars to a man. Yes-

terday he said he couldn't pay it back, but made me a proposition to take it out in trade. I refused. He was an undertaker.

They say that money talks. All wrong. All money ever said to me was "Goodbye."

Yet some people have luck. Whatever they touch turns into money. Not so with me. Whatever I touch they tell me to put it back.

Excuse me while I give her a little more gas. (*Inhales deeply.*) There. Now we're off again. You know when I get to talking, I just ignore all speed regulations.

And still the papers claim that there is a huge stream of wealth pouring into this country.

Well, take it from me, I haven't had my feet wet yet.

We were having a discussion the other evening at my hotel. The boys had been telling what they would do if they owned the world. One fellow said that he would abolish poverty. Another one declared that he would provide absolute justice for all. Another was in favor of turning pol-

itics entirely over to the women. Finally they turned to me and asked my view.

I said: "Boys, I'll tell you what I'd do if I owned the world. First I'd get Atlas, Hercules, and a few more of those strong guys to sign up on two baseball teams. Then I'd lay out a diamond on the Desert of Sahara, put the Rocky Mountains around it for a fence, give the players the moon for a ball, and the North Pole for a bat, and, say, maybe I wouldn't sit on top of Pike's Peak and see some ball game."

But the real curse of our existence today is the Almighty Dollar. We'll say that you have a dollar. That's a gigantic stretch of the imagination, but for argument's sake, you must have a dollar. You take your best girl to the movies, and figure you're going to slide safely home with eighty cents in your jeans. All wrong. After ten minutes of Flicker Opera the girl squirms in her chair and says: "Tango me out of here, you package of cheese, jar loose of that eighty cents and show me some excitement. Otherwise, when you one-step to my house in the immediate future there'll be nobody home."

Bingo! Zip goes the eighty cents, and you walk to the works next morning.

And then we poor boobs slave and sweat until we've amassed another dollar. Then we hike for her home and do the same thing over again. The only way we'd keep away, would be to break both our legs.

I remember one girl's father. He was a very nice man, but extremely close regarding money matters. He used to use snuff, but finally got to be such a tightwad he wouldn't buy any more. Instead he had his wife tickle his nose with a feather.

One evening the girl said to me, "Bill, come around some evening and father will show you the house."

But all he showed me was the door.

It seems to me that he kicked me through. But I didn't mind because I'm a fellow who never pays any attention to what goes on behind his back.

When I asked him for his daughter's hand, he gave me his foot.

But I was game. I was determined to have her. A man never knows when he's well off in this world.

After we were married I promised to

give my wife a dollar to put in her little iron bank every time I kissed her. Later, when she opened the bank there were a lot of five and ten dollar bills in it. I asked her where she got them. She says: "Oh, everybody is not as stingy as you are."

But love and marriage may both be likened to an automobile. For instance, love is like a second hand auto. You can't start it and you can't stop it. Marriage is like an auto with a flat tire. You journey through life but you bump all the way.

And speaking of automobiles, we have all listened to the hundreds of jokes in connection with the flivver. You may say what you want, but the flivver has come to stay. I know it. I've got one and I can't get rid of it. Why, I've even offered to trade mine for a dollar watch and no questions asked.

The other day I was driving along the boulevard and in something of a hurry. Right ahead of me was another flivver car. Every time I'd go to pass it a man's hand would appear from the side of the car, and I'd check my speed expecting the car was about to stop or turn a corner. But no, mile after mile, those hands would be

thrust out—like this. (*Motions with hands in imitation of a Hebrew when speaking.*) Finally I became desperate and ignoring the hand signals I drove alongside the car and looked in. Did I register surprise? I did; for inside were two Hebrews, talking business.

My Father Says—

CHARACTER:

ELIZABETH HARDINGER *with just a few words of advertising for herself, besides being her father's press-agent.*

ELIZABETH, *hastily announces*:

I've been chased!

I left my auto in a "garbage" and started to walk, when a horrid man winked at me. I almost screamed, I was that frightened.

Then he came right up to me and says, "Hello, little one; which way?"

Gee, he couldn't tell whether I was coming or going.

I don't know myself half the time when I got these clothes on.

You know I ain't really and truly had a automobile. I came pretty near to getting one a little while ago, but I jumped

just in time. Now my father says that since automobiles came into style, there ain't hardly anybody walking any more.

He's right.

About half the population has been run over and killed and the other half are afraid to come out of the house.

Now my father says there was a fellow in New York, and he stood on a crowded corner. All at once a automobile came rushing towards him from one direction, a big sight-seeing car from another, a motorcycle from another and one of them taxicabs from another.

Then he looked up in the air and saw a airship dropping down on him.

There was only one chance for that fellow.

He happened to be standing on a manhole. He grabbed the cover, lifted it up and jumped into the hole—just in time to be run over by a subway train.

My father was hit by a auto once.

They thought he was dead when they picked him up. Finally, tho', he came to —after they brought him three or four— and they asked him how it seemed to be dead. My father said that he wasn't dead and knew all the time just what was go-

ing on. He said he knew he wasn't dead, because his feet were cold and he was hungry. A man asked him how that made him think that he was still alive and my father said it was like this: He knew that if he was in Heaven he wouldn't be hungry and if he was in the other place he wouldn't be cold.

My father and me was in a auto last Sunday going to church.

The first thing we knew the blamed thing got to going and my father couldn't stop it.

Finally my father did stop it—up agin a tree and we got to church about a half hour late.

My father told the preacher that he had trouble with the darn machine and that was why we were late.

The preacher says: "That's no excuse for being late at divine service. You should trust in the Lord."

My father says: "Parson, I did trust in the Lord till the tire busted, and then I had to jump."

Whenever I climb into a auto with my father I am scared to death that he's going to begin to punch holes in our beautiful sky.

I think my father is the head barber among automobilists.

He shaves curbstones, telegraph poles and baby carriages.

Also as a hair tonic he is a wonder. He raises fifty heads of hair a day by flying past them so close that their owner's coat buttons scratch the paint off the sides of the car.

Every time I ride with my father I wonder if there will be enough of me left to put my folks to the trouble of having a funeral for me. My father thinks it's a lot of fun to ride fast. And all the time he makes me so mad I want to slap his nose around where it will sneeze in his ear.

My father goes so fast in a automobile that when he starts out for a ride he meets himself coming back.

But I'll never forget the time I met a automobile. I've got the scar yet.

I was struck between the turnstile and the potato patch.

My father calls his auto the Amsterdam. After it struck me I called it entirely by the last syllable.

The man that sold it to my father said that all it needed to make it the fastest

machine in the world was a little nerve or backbone.

That man was wrong.

I needed a whole lot of backbone after I had the falling out with that machine.

The biggest part of mine was scraped off by a sudden and cruel contact with a bunch of gravel.

Talk about a "backslider" from religion! That ain't nothing to a "backslider" from a automobile.

Now my father says that the people in this world are a mighty queer lot. Here's the way it is:

If you save your money, you're a miser. If you spend it, you're a spendthrift.

If you're stuck on baseball, you're a "bug." If you ain't, you're a "crab."

If you wear swell clothes, you're a dude. If you wear shabby ones, you're a tramp.

If you buy a flivver, you're laughed at. If you buy a limousine, there goes a fool and his money.

If you do any talking, you're a gossip. If you keep your mouth shut, you're a "sorehead."

If you bet your money, you're a gambler. If you don't bet, you're a "piker."

But the cemetery is the *one* place where princes, paupers, presidents, porters and pikers are finally on the dead level!

So what's the use!

I came near buying a electric runabout the other day.

The agent says to me:

"Here's an electric runabout that's a dandy. It'll run three hundred miles without stopping. I'd like to show it off, so get in and I'll take you home."

I says: "You get out. If the thing won't stop in less than three hundred miles I don't want to fool with it. I only live about five miles from here and I want to get out when we get there."

Then he showed me all about the electric part of it, and I asked him if there was any danger of my getting a shock. For instance, if I put one foot on the ground and the other on the step.

He says: "No, young lady, not a bit. The only shock there'll be in connection with this affair is when your father gets the bill."

Mary had a little car—
It ran by gasoline;
And everywhere that Mary went
The auto could be seen.

One day the auto struck a tree
It behaved in manner shocking—
And Mary went up in the air
And showed her striped—fall hat.

Now my father says:

That presence of mind in an automobile accident is a good thing, but absence of body is a heap sight better.

I was at a party one night last week and a young lady was asked to sing "When She Was Sweet Sixteen."

She said she couldn't remember that far back.

Then she sang "Don't Take Me Home." And nobody did. After the first verse she went home alone.

You know, folks a lot of times have asked me how I manage to keep myself so young and beautiful.

Listen, girls, I'm going to tell you my secret. Here are some beauty hints. Falling hair may be avoided by jumping quickly to one side when you see it coming your way.

Freckles may be pried out with a ice-pick. If this fails try dynamite.

For a good complexion, go to a drug store. That's where I get mine.

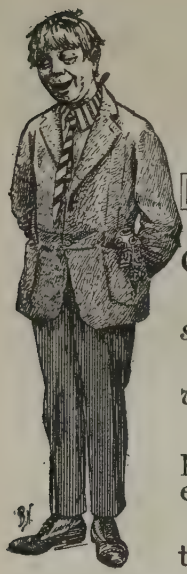
If you are troubled with bad nails, drive them in with a hammer.

Gee, I almost forgot to tell you about that ride I took last summer in a auto. I wanted to go some place the worst way, so I took a auto. As soon as I got in I knew I was going to get there in a hurry.

That machine hit eighty miles an hour and just missed hitting a trolley car. Say, but we did fly. Then all at once we stopped. That is, the automobile did, but the driver and me, not having reached our journey's end, kept on a going.

The driver started to fly through the air with me, little me, clinging closely to his manly form. I had both arms clutched around his neck and I wouldn't let go. Just how far we flew I don't know, but I just begun to wonder if I hadn't made a mistake and hired a aeroplane, when we struck a telegraph pole. I says: "Well, what's the matter? What are you stopping for?"

He says: "Young lady, you'll have to get off. This is as far as I go."



"I'm a Tellin' You"

CHARACTER:

WILLIE WASH-KNOTT *a small town guy.*

WILLIE, *distributes some village information.*

I'm a tellin' you I came purty near bein' late fer the entertainment this evenin'.

My grandfather lost all his teeth at a candy pull last night, and I had ter stay home and help him chew.

While I'm about it I suppose I might as well tell you all about the rest of my family.

My Aunt Mary is the fattest woman you ever saw. She weighs four hundred and ninety-six pounds. Three pounds less than a horse.

The only thing she can buy ready made is her handkerchiefs. She's so darn fat that when my father was sick the doctor

told him he must have plenty of exercise. Father wanted to know how much was plenty of exercise and the doctor sez, "Oh, jes' walk around yer sister a couple of times a day."

I'm a tellin' you my family has become some scattered lately. One of my sisters went to a crazy asylum. The only thing she took along was a crazy quilt.

My father said he didn't care what become of me, so here I am. Then he claimed my mother needed a vacation. He sent her to the Thousand Islands. She's goin' to stay a week on each island.

My sister Nellie is deaf and dumb. When we want her to come to dinner, we have to ring a dumb bell.

Nellie used to have a beau named Wick.

Wick had a bum lamp.

But Wick didn't have any money, so Nellie turned him down.

When Wick got turned down he went out.

Four years ago my brother Dick didn't have a dollar to his name.

Last week he signed a check for $10,000.

His trial comes up tomorrow.

But I'm a tellin' you, father, with all

his faults, was a good man. He never struck one of us children—except in self-defense.

Whenever he sits down to the table, he sez grace.

One night in his sleep he said Alice, and mother didn't get over it fer a whole week.

Father sez if he had it all to do over again he'd never get married. He sez he paid $2.00 fer a marriage license, and then he had to pay the preacher besides fer doin' him a darn mean trick.

You know, before a couple are married the young feller brings his girl a package of this and a package of that, from all the different places he passes on his way to her home. But after he marries her, he still brings her a package now and then, but not of the same kind of merchandise.

I'm a tellin' you, the fellers will bring their girls presents before they tie up ter them, but they don't bring them presents after they're married.

Father sez why should they?

He sez why give a fish bait after you've caught 'em?

But I'm a tellin' you, the feller of today has it all over the feller of years ago.

They never used to have any picture shows.

It used ter cost the feller two good, old, hard dollars fer a theatre seat. Now? Gosh, all they gotta spend is a nickel. And look at the results they get.

Say, fer ten cents a feller can have the time of his life. He sees a sign in front of a five cent theatre: "Pitfalls of Pauline." He grabs his girl by the arm and hustles her inside. It's all dark on the inside. Gosh, that's immense! While the audience is holding its breath at the "Pitfalls of Pauline," he's holdin' his gal's hand.

I'm a tellin' you, I took my gal out last evenin', and we had a great time. And all I spent was eighty cents. Of course, I would a spent more, but that's all she had.

I'm a tellin' you that the way the girls dress nowadays keeps us fellers guessin'. A couple of years ago us fellers knew jes' where to throw our good right arms to grab a gal about her waist.

Then the gal's waist line began to shift up and down like a elevator. By gosh, today, we are taking awful chances! We can't tell whether we're goin' ter trip 'em or choke 'em.

You know, father used to be a purty hard drinker.

But at that the town we lived in went dry on account of father. Yes, sir, they tried for a long time to put the saloons out of business, but they couldn't do it until one day father moved to another town and the saloons naturally went out of business.

I remember one day father was arrested fer bein' drunk. They kept him locked up fer three days. Somebody asked my mother if she wasn't goin' to bail father out. She said no, it couldn't be done. It would be hard enough to pump him out. When they finally brought father before the judge, father got one year. The judge said he wuz sorry.

"Oh," sez father, "a year ain't nothin'. I can do a year standin' on my head."

"Is that right?" sez the judge. "Well, in that case you'd be goin' agin the laws of nature, fer the blood would rush ter yer head, so I'll give yer another year which you can do standin' on yer feet, thus restorin' the blood to its proper vocation in life."

I forgot to tell you about my brother Luke. Luke was a great swimmer. One day he made a bet. He bet a man he

could stay under water three minutes. He won the bet. He's under the water yet.

Jest to show what a reputation will do fer a feller, a man came along in an automobile the other day, and jest as he wuz about ter pass me on the road, the dern thing stopped. The man got out, looked at the automobile and then he looked at me. I asked him what the trouble wuz and he said his engine wuz missin'. I got right up and told him then and there that he could search me.

He laughed and sez, "That's all right, kid. I know you haven't got it. You couldn't carry it, that's the only reason."

Then he explained to me the different parts of his auto.

When he got all through I told him that there wuz one part that reminded me of my father. That was the tank.

Now it ain't hardly right fer me to keep you anxious about father. I know you want to know if he's still in jail.

No, siree. They let him go after the first month.

This is how it come:

The governor of our state paid a visit to the jail one day, and each prisoner he came to he'd ask him what he'd done.

Every one of the prisoners told the governor they wuz innocent and had been wrongly convicted.

Finally he came to father. Father told him he had been convicted of drunkenness.

"Are you guilty?" sez the governor.

Father told him he wuz, good and guilty.

"Then," sez the governor, "you get right along out of here. How dare a drunken wretch like you associate with a lot of good and innocent men!"

I will now sing fer you a very purty little ballad entitled: "When it's Onion Time in Bermuda." Dedicated to "The Breath of a Nation."

The Precinct Politician

CHARACTER:

We herewith present for your approval, Mr. Oliver Youngonion. As a political speech maker, Mr. Youngonion is a good plumber. Listen, he is speaking:

OLIVER, *implores, pleads and harangues:*

Fellow citizens, in regard to me running for mayor, I want to say, I have no party platform, I have no politics—I am a man of no principle.

Now let that sink in.

I jitneyed *clean* over here from (*neighboring town*) to deliver this speech. And I want to say that I believe I am the first person that ever "came clean" from that town.

I don't know what the subject of my talk will be. After I get through with it, you won't know either. So we shall have an even break at the start anyhow.

Somebody has said that every time a man drinks a glass of beer it shortens his life one day. Well, if that is true, I have been dead a hundred years now.

This same somebody also says that if a man should drink buttermilk three times every day he will live to be a hundred years of old age.

But who wants to live that long if they got to drink buttermilk three times a day?

Some people say that beer kills more people than bullets. But I'd rather take a chance with beer than bullets.

Now let that sink in.

The trouble with this country, fellow citizens, is that it has cramps in its stomach, and there are too many doctors on the case.

The women are trying to run the country. They say their place is at the polls. I think so myself. They can go either to the North or South pole and I should care.

They say they are in favor of the short ballot. I am also in favor of the short bal-

lot for women. Especially if they happen to have pretty feet and ankles.

Fellow citizens, I want to say that it may be all right to allow women to vote and enjoy other privileges so long recognized as the sole rights of men, but it's wrong to permit her on a jury. For instance, suppose there's a jury of six men and six women. Would they ever reach a verdict? Did one man and one woman ever entirely agree? What would your wife say when you got home after being locked up with a pretty jury woman?

My father once said to me, "Oliver, there are three things you got to be careful about. I warn you against wine, women and song." So I gave up singing.

Last evening there was a woman lecturing on a street corner. She was yelling at the top of her voice that the women must be saved. I agreed with her. I yelled to her: "Please save me a couple of blondes."

The women are right in one thing. She should get more wages. Yes, siree, every woman should get at least $10.00 a week. I don't see how she can decently support a husband on less.

My nephew says to me one day: "Uncle

Oliver, if you give me a nickel, I shall be good."

I told him that he couldn't be one of our family unless he is good for nothing.

I heard a man say once that we should leave a boy to time and nature. Time and nature he says is a grand thing for a boy. Yes, but look at what time and nature does to limberger cheese. Now let that sink in.

I've got a young brother who is crazy to marry. That's what I told him, but he won't believe me. He wants to marry a society girl. She told him she had ancestors to burn. I looked up some of their records and I think some of them are burning yet. She said her father was a descendant from a very fine family. I think he is still descending.

Anyhow I says to my brother: "Rufus, if you want to get a good wife, pick out a girl whose stockings don't wrinkle."

Rufus says: "Sure, that's a fine idea. But how shall I know if they wrinkle or not?"

Women say us men put on airs because we were created first. But we shouldn't be stuck up on ourselves. They say first experiments are always failures.

Let that sink in.

Another thing. A baldheaded man buys hair restorer by the quart. But does a woman do anything so foolish as that? No, siree. She don't spend money so foolish. She goes down town and buys hair. She believes in "Safety First."

The rich men in this country are giving us a lot of advice on how to get along and make money.

They say we should save our pennies.

If you haven't any pennies of your own to save, save other people's.

If you can save enough pennies belonging to other people, you will become rich.

They say it stands to reason we can't get rich by keeping our hands in our pockets. The only way is for everybody to have his hand in the pockets of everybody else.

In other words, fellow citizens, get the money honestly, but if you can't get it honestly get the money anyhow.

There is one solution to our troubles. Go to the polls and vote. I shall never forget the first time I voted. I was so filled with gratitude that I voted twice. I got $2.00 for the first vote, and six months for my second vote.

I stand before you, my fellow citizens,

as the champion of labor. I believe in everybody working—somebody else.

Our wise men all said that when the big war started, we should have plenty of work in this country. If you want work go get it. I don't care. They also said that the war was a big undertaking. I don't know if it was a big undertaking or not, but the man who started it was some undertaker, take it from me.

Before the war broke out in Europe they figured on sending (*a certain celebrated lecturer*) over there to talk the matter over. When they got an estimate on his wages as a speech maker, they found it would be cheaper to have war.

War! Fellow citizens, there are few of us here tonight who realize what war actually means. I see some of my hearers nod their heads at my assertion, but married men are not included. It is taken for granted they do know. Personally I am in favor of mobilizing the married men first and sending them to the front. Experience is a great factor in any undertaking.

But all joking aside—

Let's give the old eagle a chance to scream. After all the roasts and toasts

and panning he's had for some time past, it's a wonder there's any scream left in him. But take it from me, there is. Just let one of those foreign war lords grab his tail feathers, and you'll hear him, good and plenty.

The old bird hasn't had a chance to ruffle his feathers since Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. But we don't need to worry. There are a whole lot of Admiral Deweys in our little old navy.

Just waiting a chance to say: "Damn the torpedoes—go ahead!"

Our Uncle Samuel is a grand old soul, benevolent, peaceful and kind. His idea is to live the simple life. To stand in his own garden, blissfully puffing on his old corncob pipe and watch his crops grow.

Gosh, how he hates to pick a fight!

In years gone by some of his "neighbors" have started wrangling and quarreling, and our old gentleman has always done his utmost to stop their fighting. He'd lean over his garden fence and say: "Hold on, boys, I wouldn't do that if I were you—fightin' ain't no nice way to settle disputes."

Would them pesky "neighbors" take the

hint and behave? No. They never gave our old Uncle Samuel credit for having a backbone. They'd begin to make faces at him, poke fun at him and maybe finally wind up by throwing mud or rocks at him . . . . just to get him into the scrap.

Then something happened!

Uncle Samuel would pause in his peaceful occupation of hoeing his garden, wipe the mud out of an eye, pick a rock out of an ear, lay down his hoe and roll up his sleeves.

He'd jump the fence and with a wallop in each hand proceed to deliver some wholesome advice right where it would do the most good.

It never took him very long to clean up the job on hand, in spite of the fact that he was always unprepared—no army, no navy, no nothing.

For that old boy puts up some scrap when he sheds the old coat and rolls up his sleeves!

Remember, fellow citizens, this old gentleman I've been talking about represents the greatest country in all the world.

And if you think he wouldn't shed the

last drop of blood in his veins for it, just let somebody start something, that's all.

And there are about a hundred million like him today in this little old U. S. A.!

Yon Yonson —Yanitor

CHARACTER:

This is Mr. Yon Yonson. In the past janitors were often called Czars. Other names (censored) have been originated since Czars have gone out of date.

Yon turns on the steam.

My father say to me one day, "Yon, you skol be tomorrow 21 years old. You no good, no brains, no trade, nothing that skol be any use to you to make your bread and butter. Ay ban thinking it all over and Ay come to conclusion dar but yust one thing you can do, otherwise you skol starve to death. You skol be a yanitor.

Ay say to father Ay don't know how to be a yanitor, and he say that's why he say

Ay skol be one—Ay don't have to know anything to be a yanitor. If Ay did know something Ay wouldn't be a yanitor.

He say a yanitor of an apartment building is supposed to run the building. But he don't have to know, because every tenant tells him how it should be run, and all Ay skol do is sit down and let them.

He say if Mrs. Brown wants heat and Mrs. Smith don't, Ay skol remain neutral. By the time they have fought it out, they have moved into another building and Ay am still neutral.

Ay say to father and ask him what he skol mean by "neutral." He says like this: "No matter what skol happen, Yon you don't do nothing. If the tenants fight and quarrel, or want something done, you don't do nothing. You are neutral. Now you know what neutral is—no matter what other folks skol do, you don't do nothing."

By yiminie, that sounded good to me, and Ay took me a yanitor yob so I could be neutral. Ay got a building with all modern inconveniences—hot and cold landlord and running elevators—sometimes.

When the landlord hired me he said he

would give me twenty dollars a month wages, and what the tenants give me was none of his business. He said if the tenants thought Ay had anything coming to me, I'd get it. The landlord was right. Ay got it and got it good. But it wasn't money.

One woman yelled for heat, and Ay told her she should go where dar was plenty of it. When her husband came home I knew the landlord was right two times. That big husband mopped up the basement with me. When Ay kick to the landlord, he say, "Never mind—that saves you lot of work. That basement needed mopping up anyway."

By yiminie, but that was some building. The walls between the flats were so thin that when a man and wife quarreled the other tenants enjoyed it as much as if it was in dar own flat.

Ay skol always remember one man and his wife. She was the nicest lady to get along with of all the tenants. They was yust married when they move in my building. The woman say to her husband, "Charlie, I skol want you to be happy and free in your own house. What is your greatest pleasure?"

Charlie say his greatest pleasure is smoking.

Then she say, "All right, Charlie, smoke all you want to. Of course," she follow up and say, "Ay wouldn't allow you to smoke cigarettes, cheap cigars Ay couldn't stand and good ones you can't afford—and a pipe is too strong and dirty about the house—anything else you can smoke."

Now who couldn't get along with a woman like that?

One day a woman tenant say to me, "Mister Yonson, Ay want my screens put in—dar are flies in my flat."

Ay say to her she is mistaken. Those are not her flies but the neighbors'. Ay say to her Ay am not responsible for anything belonging to the neighbors.

One man tenant call to me and kick about the size of his flat. He says it's so small he wanted the wall paper scraped off so he skol have room to wear his clothes.

Another tenant is so stingy they never burn any gas. They feed the baby garlic so they can find it in the dark.

One tenant is a bachelor. He's got a one-room apartment. He got lonesome,

so he took in roomers. Only nine fallers in it. It wouldn't be a bit crowded only one of the fallers keeps boarders.

One night Ay heard a woman crying, so Ay listen at the door. The husband say, "There, there, dearie, don't cry. I'm all right—and you're all right. I'm a good husband. Didn't I promise you that we'd move into a more expensive flat?"

"Yes, you did," say the wife.

"Well," say the husband, "we don't have to move now. The landlord's raised the rent."

One family had seventeen children. By yiminie, if they ever move to (*local town*) it would be a city.

Right across the hall lives a faller who is crazy about push-buttons. Anything he skol want he push a button and out it comes. The other night he had company for dinner and he was showing off all the different push-buttons. He pushed a button and out came the bath tub. That wouldn't have ban so bad only one of the guests was in it. And that wouldn't have ban so bad either, but somebody turned on the phonograph record of the Star-Spangled Banner and the man in the bath tub had to stand up.

Now, Ay ban five years a yanitor and I tink I got more wages coming, so Ay go to the landlord and tell him Ay tink so. He look at me and say to me I get too much for what Ay do now.

So he tell me like this:

"Dar are 365 days in a year and you sleep eight hours per day, or 122 days, which leaves 243 days, of which you use up eight hours each day in rest and recreation, or another 122 days, leaving only 121 days. Of the 121 days left 52 are Sundays, which leaves 69. Then Ay give you a half holiday each Saturday, which reduces the total by 26 days, leaving only 43. You spend an hour and a half each day for lunch, or a total of 28 days, which leaves 15 days. Each year Ay give you a vacation of two weeks, or 14 days, which leaves only one day. The day left is the Fourth of July, and you would not work on that day anyway."

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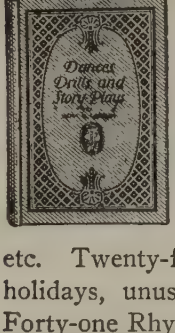

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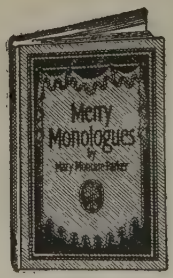

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